THE RESURRECTION



2. Why shrinks my soul? In death's embrace once Jesus captive slept; and angels, hovering o'er the place, his lowly pillow kept.

3. Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust, and, as the Saviour rose, the grave again shall yield her trust, and end my deep repose.

4. My Lord, before to glory gone, shall bid me come away; and calm and bright shall break the dawn of heaven's eternal day.

5. Then let my faith each fear dispel, and gild with light the grave; to him my loftiest praises swell, who died from death to save.

Words: Ray Palmer. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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